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POETRY.

From the Mississippian.

The Goblet's Magic.

Pass round the deep goblet  
And quaff the red wine,  
While beauty's bright magic  
Throws light o'er its shrine.  
Pass it on! Comrades, sorrow  
Must yield to its sway,  
And tears glide beneath it,  
Like ice drops, away.

If love unrequited  
Throws its blight o'er thy heart,  
And beautiful hope spreads  
Her wings to depart,  
Oh! quaff the bright liquid,  
It never deceives,  
Like the swift fading garland,  
Hope witchingly waves.

If cold disappointment  
Enwraps thee in gloom,  
And thy joys fade around thee,  
And sink to the tomb,  
Pass it on! like the Mermaid,  
It "chases each tear,"  
And life becomes blooming  
Where all once was drear.

What is friendship? a snow wreath,  
Thou' bright it appears,  
In the glances of morning,  
That melt to chill tears.  
What is love? but a dreaming  
Of joy ever known,  
Like the beautiful mantle  
On treachery thrown!

What is life! all its fancies  
Are vain as a dream,  
That bloom but to wither  
On death's chilling stream.  
Then pass round the goblet—  
Soon life sighs adieu!  
Unlike woman's, its kiss,  
Thou' 'tis transient, 'tis true.

Long live thee, King Goblet!  
Ever bright be thy wine,  
Hand and hand, we adore thee,  
And kneel at thy shrine.  
Not a tear drop shall mingle  
With thy joy, its gloom,  
And the garland that crowns thee  
Unfading shall bloom.

O. P. Q.

Clinton, May 14th, 1845.

From the St. Louis Reveille.

NETTLE BOTTOM BALL.

BY "SOLITAIRE."

"Well, it are a fact boys," said Sikes, "that I promised to tell you how I cum to get out in these latte diggins, and I speculate you out as well have it at onst, kase I bin troublin my conscience amazin' to keep it kiver'd up. The barr raised jessy in Nettle Bottom, and old Sam Stokes' yell, then he swar he'd 'chaw me up,' wes my meat a slight sprinklin' of er whenever I think on it.

"You, see, thar wur a small town called Equality, in Illinise, at some speculators started near Nettle Bottom, cos thar wur a ontaneous salt lick in the diggins and no sooner did they get it a in' and build some stores and oceries thar than they wagon'd m Cincinnati and other up stream villages, a paecel of fellers attend the shops, that looked as se, all'ays, as if they wur goin' meetin' or on a courtin' frolic; and 'salt their pickers,' they wur ornally pokin' up their noses at the boys of the Bottom. Well, they got up a ball in the village, to interduce themselves to the ds round the neighborhood, and invited a few on us to make a conary picter to themselves, and so line us out of site by comparison. After that ball thur wan't any thin' talked on among the gals but what the fellers the clerks in Equality ar, and how nice and slick they wore their har' and their shiny boots, and the way they stirrup'd own their trowsers. You couldn't see one on 'em that she couldn't stick one of these fellers you, and keep a talkin' how slick they looked. It got to be perfect men to hear of, or see the critters,

and the boys got together at last to see what was to be done—the thing had grown perfectly alarmin'. At last a meetin' was agreed on, down to old Jake Sents.

"On next Sunday night, instead taken' the gals to meetin' where they could see these fellers, we left 'em at home, and met at Jake's, and I am of the opinion thur was some congregated wrath there—whew! wan't they?"

"H—ll and sissors!" says Mike Jelt, "let's go down and lick the town, rite strait!"

"No!" hollered Dick Buts, let's kitch these slick badges comin' out of meetin' and tare the hide and feathers off on 'em!"

"Why d—n 'em, what d'y'e think, boys," busted in old Jake, "I swar if they ain't larnt our gals to wear starn cushions; only this mornin' I caught my darter Sally putin' one on and tyin' it round her. She tho't I was asleep, but I seed' her, and I made the jade repudiate it and no mistake—quicker!"

"The boys took a drink on the occasion, and Equality town was slumberin' for a short spell, over a con-tiguous earthquake. At last one of the boys proposed before we attack the town, that we should get up a ball in the Bottom and jest out-shine the town chaps, all to death, afore we swallowed 'em. It was hard to gin in to this proposition, but the boys cum to it at last, and every feller started to put the affair agoin'.

"I had bin a long spell hankerin' arter old Tom Jones' darter, on the branch below the Bottom, and she was a critter good for weak eyes—maybe she hadn't a pair of her own—well if they wan't a brace of moving light-houses, I wouldn't say it—there was no calculation' the extent or handsomeness of the family that gal could bring up around her, with a feller like me to look arter 'em. Talk about gracefulness, did you ever see a maple saplin' movin' with a south wind?—It wan't a crook'd stick to compare to her, but her old dad was awful. He could jest lick anythin' that said boo, in them diggins, out-swar saten, and was as cross as a she bar, with cubs. He had a little hankerin' in favor of these fellers in town too fur they gin him presents of powder to hunt with, and he was precious fond of usin' his shootin' iron. I determin'd anyhow, to ask his darter, Betsy, to be my partner at the Nettle Bottom Ball.

"Well, my sister Marth, made me a bran new pair of buckskin trowsers to go in, and rile my picter, ef she didn't put stirrups to 'em to keep 'em down. She said straps were the fashion and I should ware 'em. I jest felt with 'em on as ef I had somethin' pressin' on me down—all my joints wur so tight together, but Marth insisted, and I knew I could soon dance 'em off, so I gin in, and started off to the branch for Betsy Jones.

"When I arriv, the old feller wur sittin smokin arter his supper, and the younger Jones wur sittin round the table takin' theirs. A whap-pin' big pan of mush stood rite in the centre, and a large pan of milk beside it, with lots of corn bread and butter and Betsey, was helpin' the youngsters, while old Mrs. Jones sot by admirn' the family collection. Old Tom took a hard star' at me, and I kind a shook, but the straps stood it, and I recovered myself, and gin him as good as he sent, but I wur near the door and ready to break if he showed fight.

"What the h—ll are you doin' in disgise," says the old man—he swore dreadfully—"are you comin' down here to steal?"

"I rilled up at that. Says I, ef I wur comin' for such purposes, you'd be the last I'd hunt up to steal off on."

"You'r right," says he, I'd make a hole to light your innards, ef you did." And the old savage chuckled. I meant because he had nothin' worth stealin', but his dar-

ter, but he tho't 'twas cos I was a-fear'd on him.

"Well purty soon I gether'd up and told him what I cum down fur and invited him to cum up and take a drink and see that all went on rite. Betsey was in an awful way fur fear he wouldn't consent. The old 'oman here spoke in favor of the move, and old Tom thought of the lick and gin in to the measure. Off bounced Betsy up a ladder into the second story, and one of the small gals with her to help put on the fixups. I sot down in a cheer, and fell a talkin' at the 'oman. While we wur chatin' away as nice as relations, I could hear Betsy makin' things stand round above. The floor was only loose boards kiver'd over wide joice, and every step made 'em shake and rattle like a small hurricane. Old Tom smoked away and the young ones at the table will hold a spoonful of mush to thur mouths and look at my straps, and then look at each other and snigger, till at last the old man seed 'em.

"Well by gun flints," says he, ef you ain't makin' a jossesv—"

"Jest at that moment, somethin' gin way above, and may I die, ef Betsy, without any thin' on yearth on her but one of those starn cushions, didn't drop rite through the floor, and sot herself cushin and all cochunk flut into the pan of mush! I jest tho't fur a second that heaven and yearth had kissed each other, and squeezed me between 'em. Betsy squealed like a 'scape pipe, a spot of the mush had spattered on the old man's face, and burnt him, and he swore dreadfully. I snatched up the pair of milk, and dashed it over Betsy to cool her off,—the old 'oman knoced me sprawlin' fur doin' it, and away went my straps. The young ones let out a scream, as if the infernal pit had broke loose, and I'd jest gin half of my hide to have been out of the old man's reach. He did reach fur me, but I lent him one of my half-flows, on the smeller, that spread him, and may be I didn't leave sudden! I didn't see the branch, but as I soused through it, I heard Tom Jones swar he'd 'chaw me up' ef an inch big of me was found in them diggins in the mornin'.

"I didn't know for a spell where I was runnin', but hearing nuthin' behind me I slacked up, and jest considered whether it was best to go home and get my traps strait and leave, or go to the ball.—Bein' as I was a manager, I tho't I'd go have a peer through the window to see ef it cum up to my expectations. While I was lookin' at the boys goin' it, one'em spied me, and they hauled me in, stood me afore the fire, to dry and all hands got round, insistin' on knowin', what was the matter. I ups and tells all about it. I never heard such laffin' hollerin' and screemin' in all my days.

"Jest then, my trowsers gin to feel the fire and shrink up about an inch a minute, and the boys and gals kept it up so strong laffin' at my scrape, and the pickle I wur in that I gin to git riley, when all at onst I seed one of these slick critters, from town, rite in among 'em hollerin' was then the loudest.

"Old Jones said he'd 'chaw me up, did he?' says the town feller, 'well he all'ays keeps fit word.'

"That munit I biled over. I grabbed his slick har, and may be I didn't gin him scissors! Just as I was makin' him a cheueds pecimen, some feller hollered out—"don't let old Jones in with that ar rifle!" I didn't hear any more in that bottom,—lightenin' could'n't a got near enough to singe my coat tail. I jumped through that winder as easy as a bar 'ud go through a cane brake; and cuss me ef I could'n't hear the grit of old Jones' teeth, and smell his glazed powder, until I crossed old Mississippi."

"I don't say as how missus drinks, but I do know that the bottle in the dark closet don't keep full all the time."

Immense Natural Bee Hive.

In a cavern, on the right bank of the Colorado, about seven miles from Austin, there is an immense hive of wild bees, which is one of the most interesting natural curiosities in that section. The entrance of this cavern is situated in a large limestone, forming a high cliff which rises almost perpendicularly from the river bank to the height of about 150 feet from the water's edge. This cliff fronts partly on a small stream named Bill Creek. The mouth of the cavern is about ten feet from the top of the cliff. In a warm day a dark stream of bees may be constantly seen winding out from the cavern like a long dark wreath of smoke. This stream often appears one or two feet in diameter near the cliff, and gradually spreads out like a fan, growing thinner and thinner at a distance from the cavern, until it disappears. The number of bees in this cavern must be incalculably great—probably greater than the number in a thousand or ten thousand ordinary hives.

The oldest settlers say that the hive was there when they first arrived in the country; and it is quite probable that it existed in the same state many years previous to the settlement of the country. The bees, it is said, have never swarmed, and it is not improbable that the hive has continued for more than a century to increase year after year, in the same ratio that other swarms increase. The cave appears to extend back many rods into the ledge, and probably has many lateral chambers. The bees, doubtless, occupy many of these lateral chambers, and it is not improbable that new swarms annually find new chambers to occupy, and thus they are prevented from going off to a distance in search of hives. Some of the neighboring settlers have repeatedly, by blasting the rocks, opened a passage into some of these chambers, and procured, by this means, many hundred pounds of honey. But the main deposits are situated too deep in the ledge to be reached without great difficulty and perhaps danger. A company was formed at Austria, a few years since, for the purpose of exploring the cabin and removing the honey; but some outward event prevented the accomplishment of the undertaking. It was estimated that there were many tons of honey and wax in this immense hive, and if its treasures could be extracted readily, they would doubtless be found far more valuable than the contents of any silver or gold mine, that adventures have been seeking for years in that section.

[Texas Telegraph.]

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT TREASURE.—We find the following story in the Columbus (Georgia) Enquirer: We learn that a large deposit of silver coin was discovered about two weeks since on the east bank of the Altamaha river, about five miles below the junction of the Ocmulgee and Oconee, in Tatnall county. The place is called Milligan's Bluff, near Hall's Ferry. The circumstances related are, that a man by the name of John Mazo, discovered three dollars, which had been exposed by the blowing up of a tree. He commenced examing the earth below, and the coin continued to appear, until he had exhumed the handsome amount of forty-five thousand Spanish dollars. They appeared to have been deposited in canvass bags, and at some remote period, as the latest date on the coin was over 160 years since. The place they were found had the appearance of an ancient fortification, such as are common in many parts of Georgia, several of which may be seen in the vicinity of Columbus. When or by whom this deposit was made, does not admit of a reasonable conjecture. It is undoubtedly, from the date of the coin, more recent than the expe-

dition of De Soto and others, of which we have some authentic account. The money, we understand, was found on the land of Mrs. Gray, a widow, in needy circumstances, and a relative of the fortunate discoverer, who has shared it with her.

THOUGHTS ON DESOLATION.—"Almost every man has experienced at least one period in his life when the curtain seems to drop, and the drama, in which he has hitherto acted, to end; when a total change appears to pass over the interests he has lived among, and a new and very different kind of existence to open before him.—Such is the case when the death of friends has left us lone and companionless, when they, into whose ears we poured our whole thoughts of sorrow or of joy, are gone, and we look around upon the bleak world, without a tie to existence, without one hope to cheer us.—How naturally then do we turn from every path and place once lingered over, how do we fly the thoughts where-in once consisted our greatest happiness, and seek from other sources impressions less painful, because connected with the past. Still the bereavement of death is never devoid of a sense of holy calm, a sort of solemn peace connected with the memory of the lost one. In the sleep that knows not waking, we see the end of earthly troubles—in the silence of the grave come no sounds of this world's contention—the winds that stir the rank grass of the churchyard breathe at least, repose. Not so when fate has served us from those we loved best during lifetime; when the fortunes we hoped to link with our own are torn asunder from us; when the hour comes when we must turn from the path we had followed with pleasure and happiness, and seek another road in life, bearing with us not only all the memory of the past, but all the speculation on the future.—There is no sorrow, no affliction like this.

MORE.—When Alexander the Great was bestowing his gifts liberally among his friends, one of them thinking him too generous desired to know what he retained for himself, he replied "Hope." How full of meaning is this brief but decisive answer given by the future conqueror of the world, when he was yet in his youthful days, ere the crown of victory and of conquest had glittered upon his brow. He was willing to give away his jewels and his wealth, & only wanted to retain the inspiring spark of Hope in his bosom—that was sufficient to insure prosperity and success—and nerve him onward to deeds of daring until he enroled his name high upon the pinnacle of renown. What a useful lesson should his success in obtaining the ultimatum of his wishes, and reaching the goal of his ambition be to many who are desponding and disheartened when they look forward and the future seems dark and gloomy. To the student who by the midnight lamp is attempting to learn the hidden mysteries of science—to the soldier who is battling for his country amid the clash of arms, to the humble son of penury who is subject to "the oppressor's wrongs, the proud man's contumely," to him who is bereft of friends and of home, and feels the peltings of misfortune's pitiless storm, these we commend to drink deep at the fountain of Hope, it will cheer them onward, and they will triumph over every obstacle.

BARBARITY.—A Northern paper, has had the cruelty to exclude from its columns, a poetic communication from a correspondent, which contains the following sublime stanza:

When I can shoot my Rifle clear  
At pigeons in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to Pork and Peas,  
And diet on POT FIES.

Jonathan Slick in Love With Miss Miles.

With that the nigger went up stairs, and I arter him full chisel; he looked round as if he wanted to say something jest as he stopped by a door in the upper entry way, but I told him to go ahead and hold his yop, for I warn't goin' to wait any longer. So we wrapped at the door and somebysaid "Come in." My heart riz in my throat for I knew whose voice it was, and I begun to feel as if I'd pitched head lor'ard into a mill dam. The cuffy opened the door, and sez he, "Ma'am here is a gentleman would come up."

I heard somebody give a little scream, and with that I jest pushed the nigger out of the way, and ses I, "Miss Miles, how du you du?"

I sniggers! if I didn't raly pity the poor gal, she looked so stuck up in a heap; but what on earth made her act so I couldn't tell at fust, for I felt kinder streaked as I'd done something that wasn't exactly right, though I couldn't think what and was as much as a mint afore I looked right in her face.—But just as I lifted up my foot, arter making one of my fust cut bows she stood just afore me.—By the living hokey, I never was so struck in my born days! You know what I've told you about Miss Miles, about her plump round form, her rosy cheeks. Well I'll be darned if there was one of them left! I shouldn't have known her no more than nothing, if it hadn't been for her eyes and the way she spoke. Her neck and torard that always looked so white and handsome, when I saw her at cousin Mary's and in Broadway, was as yellow as a saffron bag. There warn't the least mite of red in her face, and her hair was as frizzley and done up in a loose awkward looking gown, that made her seem twice as chunked as she used to, and that looked more like a man's shirt cut long and ruffled round than anything else. It warn't any too close neither, and both her leetle shoes were down to the heel.

There I stood looking at her with all the eyes in my head—my foot was drawn up tight, and my arms were a hanging straight down jest as they swung back arte I'd made my bow, I kinder seemed to feel that my mouth was open a leetle, and that I was staring harder than was manners for me. But if you'd given me the best farm in all weathersfield, I couldn't have helped it, I was so struck up in a heap at seeing her in such a fix. I guess it was as much as too minits afore either on us said a word; and at last, Miss Miles turned to the nigger as savage as a meat axe, sez she.

"Why didn't you show Mr. Slick into the room?"

"Oh, dont seem to mind it," sez I, a walking into the room; and a sitting down on a chair with my hat between my knees, "I'd jest as live sat up here as any where."

She looked as if she's burst right out a crying, but at last she sot down on a chair and tried to act as she was glad to see me. She begun to make excuses, about herself and the room and said she wasn't very well that morning, and that she took a new book and sot down, just as she was to read it.

"Oh," sez I, "dont make any excuses, it aint the fust time that I've ketch'd a gal in the suds. Marn used to say that she never looked worse than common that someboby wasn't sartin to drop in."

"Will you excuse me one instant Mr. Slick?" sez she, a munit after I'd said this and looking down on her awkward dress, as if she couldn't help but feel streaked yit.

"Sartinly," sez I, "dont make no stranger of me."

With that she opened the door and an all-fired harnsome room it was. There was a great mahogany bedstead in the middle, with a high goose feather bed on it, kivered over with a white quilt and great square pillows all ruffled off, and the winder curtains were part white and part sort of indigo blue. I couldn't get a chance to see what else thar was she shut the door so quick.

"By gracious," sez I to myself after she went out, "who on earth would ever have thought that Miss Miles was so old! When I saw her yesterday, I'd took my bible